

# THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c. AND FRANCIS ROSS, FORMERLY SOLE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

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## THE GIPSIES.



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[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.  
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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

## No. XXIV.—THE GIPSIES.

IN an early number of the present series of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, (No. II.) we introduced Richard Howitt's "Gipsy King," and in looking at our present engraving, we almost feel as if the subject (at least of *English* gipsies) were exhausted. A savage people existing in the very heart of a civilised one, is a phenomenon too remarkable to escape general attention; and thus the English gipsies have been made the theme of much poetry and much prose, and may be said to be incorporated into English literature. Sir Walter Scott has described the manners and habits of the Scotch gipsies—a branch of the race now almost extinct; and in his spirited lines known by the title of "Donald Caird," has embalmed the body and preserved the features of the northern "tinklers" of the olden time:—

"Donald Caird can lilt and sing,  
Blithely dance the Hieland fling;  
Drink till the gudeman be blind,  
Fieach till the gadewife be kind;—  
Hoop a leglen, clout a pan,  
Or crack a pow wi' ony man!"

The characteristics of "Donald Caird" are the characteristics of the race, wherever they are found, only modified by local circumstances; the Scotch gipsies, owing to the character of the country, were a bolder set than their English brethren, for while these often contented themselves with robbing hen-roosts, the others were desperate poachers.

"Donald Caird can wire a maukin (a hare)  
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin;  
Leister kipper (catch salmon) makes a shift  
To shoot a moor-fowl in the drift."

But though bold and daring, Donald Caird is true to his gipsy nature. The Scotch farm house-wives are warned to

"Steek the aumrie, lock the kist, (chest)  
Else some gear may weel be missed,  
Donald Caird findsorra things.  
Where Allan Gregor found the tings (tongs),  
Dunts of kebbuck, taitis of woo,  
Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow,  
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—  
Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!"

(That is, beware of the gallows.)

We need not dwell upon the well-known characters of our English gipsies. They are still to be found, though in diminishing numbers, wandering here and there, and pitching their camps in rural places; and still there is to be seen in rural scenes such sights as those exhibited in our engraving—"the kettle slung," as Cowper calls it, "on two sticks transverse." But an increasing population, and a vigilant police, keep them subdued and dejected—the gipsies of England will probably soon waste away and disappear.

The gipsies indeed are one of the problems of humanity. For centuries have they wandered over every country in Europe, without law, literature, or

religion, and yet preserving their language, habits, and independence. Nor is it one of the least curious portions of the phenomenon, that in a country such as Britain, with all its advanced civilization—its roads, inclosures, police, arts and science, they are still found to linger; and that in our cold, cloudy, fickle climate, they still pitch their miserable tents, as their forefathers did under the burning sun of the East.

The word "gipsies" is an abbreviated corruption of "Egyptians," which was the name given to the race when they arrived in the fifteenth century. Many of them did come from Egypt immediately into Europe, but they were as much "strangers and foreigners" in Egypt as elsewhere. The commonly received opinion now is, that they belonged to one of the lowest castes of India, and that they migrated from their own country at the time of the great Mohammedan invasion of Timur Beg. The evidence for this is plausible, and even convincing. It is said that they first appeared at Paris, in August, 1427, and obtained, under false pretences, permission to reside in the kingdom; other bands followed them, wandering about in all directions, unmolested for many years, committing petty depredations, and their women assuming the character of fortune-tellers. They are mentioned as having appeared in various parts of Germany before they entered France; and shortly afterwards they appeared in England. In all countries they have lived as a species of human wild beast, and been hunted as such; acts of parliament, the constable, and the hangman, have been let loose on them: still, like the fox, they are to be found in all plantations, and in every hen-roost; in Scotland, known as "tinklers," in England as "gipsies," in Italy as "zingari," in Spain as "gitanos," they are still essentially the same people in language and habits, however varied by local peculiarities.

In Great Britain they have greatly diminished, and those who still remain are but the dregs of the race. In Spain they are still numerous, and preserve much of their primitive and peculiar characteristics. The Spanish gipsies have been studied by an active and intelligent man, Mr. George Borrow, who in a recently published work, enters fully into the history of this strange people. Their language he considers to be derived from the Sanscrit, thus tending to prove the Hindoo origin of the race; and though it differs in different countries, the main structure of their language is alike, and a gipsy of one country can make himself intelligible to another in a different country.

The gipsies in Spain have been treated much the same way as they have been in England.

For many generations the gipsies in Spain were pursued with laws offering the alternative of death if they continued their mode of life; or agricultural bondage if they abandoned it. During all that period of penal persecution, they flourished; maintaining their institutions in primitive vigour, and resisting the ill-administered laws of Spain by bribing the officials, and by the influence which their arts obtained for them. In 1783, the edict of Charles the Third opened various industrial pursuits to the gipsy race, and gave them modified rights of citizenship. Since then, be the cause what it may, the strength of the national feelings has declined: the richer

gipsies are making some approaches towards civilized life, or rather Spanish citizen life, and many of the poorer are settling down."

Mr. Borrow is an agent of the Bible Society, who has resided about five years in Spain, pursuing his vocation of translating and distributing the Scriptures. During that period he lived much among the Gitanos, or gipsies; making use of them as agents for circulating his publications, and cautiously endeavouring to insinuate into the minds of the tribe some Scriptural facts and doctrines. His acquaintance with the gipsy race is, however, of much longer standing than his Spanish visit, for he had been early attracted to study their language and peculiarities; a fact which some of the more speculative of the tribe accounted for on the principles of metempsychosis, conceiving his soul to have belonged to a gipsy in a pre-existent state, and hailing him a brother *Rom*.

Mr. Borrow's first volume closes with some details of the marriage and other ceremonies of the gipsies, and a brief account of his own somewhat fruitless attempts to convert them. They would willingly help him to translate the Scriptures into their own jargon or language, and seemed even to be amused by the occupation, but the precepts they were rendering did not seem to find a single cranny of entrance into their strange, wayward minds.

They never attend mass, nor did I ever hear them employ the names of God, Christ, and the Virgin, but in execration and blasphemy. From what I could learn, it appeared that their fathers had entertained some belief in metempsychosis; but they themselves laughed at the idea, and were of opinion that the soul perished when the body ceased to breathe: and the argument which they used was rational enough, as far as it impugned metempsychosis—"We have been wicked and miserable enough in this life," they said, "why should we live again?"

I translated certain portions of Scripture into their dialect, which I frequently read to them; especially the parable of Lazarus and the prodigal son; and told them that the latter had been as wicked as themselves, and both had suffered as much or more; but that the sufferings of the former, who always looked forward to a blessed resurrection, were recompensed by admission, in the life to come, to the society of Abraham and the prophets; and that the latter, when he repented of his sins, was forgiven and received into as much favour as the just son.

They listened with admiration; but alas! not of the truths, the eternal truths I was telling them, but to find that their broken jargon could be written and read. The only words of assent to the heavenly doctrine which I ever obtained, and that rather of the negative kind, were the following, from the mouth of a woman—"Brother, you tell us strange things, though perhaps you do not lie; a month since I would sooner have believed these tales than that this day I should see one who could write Rommany."

I found the women much more disposed to listen to any thing I had to say than the men, who were in general so taken up with their traffic that they could think and talk of nothing else: the women, too, had more curiosity and more intelligence; the conversational powers of some of them I found to be very great; and yet they were destitute of the slightest rudiments of education, and were thieves by profession. At Madrid I had regular conversaciones, or, as they are called in Spanish, tertulias, with these women; who generally visited me twice a week: they were perfectly unreserved towards me with respect to their actions and practices, though their behaviour, when present, was invariably strictly proper.

The people of the street in which I lived, seeing such numbers of these strange females continually passing in and out, were struck with astonishment, and demanded the reason. The answers which they obtained by no means satisfied them. "Zeal for the conversion of souls—the souls too of Gitanas! Disparáte! the fellow is a bribón. Besides he is an Englishman, and is not baptized; what cares he for souls? They visit him for other purposes. He makes base ounces, which they carry away and circulate. Madrid is already stocked with false money." Others were of opinion that we met for purposes of sorcery and abomination. The Spaniard has no

conception that other springs of action exist than interest or villany.

Almost the only virtue—if it be a virtue—which these outcasts of nature possess, is an attachment to the blood, or race. It was this which enabled Mr. Borrow to obtain such easy access to them. The gipsy men in Spain follow various occupations; the women steal, swindle, and "tell fortunes." We have only room for the following anecdote, which as our readers may observe, relates to Christina, the mother of the young queen of Spain, and who, after resigning her regency, retired from the country, and is residing at the present moment in Paris.

There were two Gitanas at Madrid, and probably they are there still. The name of one was Pepita, and the other was called La Chicharona; the first was a spare, shrewd, witch-like female, about fifty, and was the mother-in-law of La Chicharona, who was remarkable for her stoutness. These women subsisted entirely by fortune-telling and swindling. It chanced that the son of Pepita, and husband of Chicharona, having spirited away a horse, was sent to the presidio of Malaga for ten years of hard labour. This misfortune caused inexpressible affliction to his wife and mother, who determined to exert every effort to procure his liberation. The readiest way which occurred to them, was to procure an interview with the Queen Regent Christina, who they doubted not would forthwith pardon the culprit, provided they had an opportunity of assailing her with their gipsy discourse; for to use their own words, "they well knew what to say." I at that time lived close by the palace, in the street of Santiago, and daily, for the space of a month, saw them bending their steps in that direction. One day they came to me in a great hurry, with a strange expression on both their countenances. "We have seen Christina, hijo," (my son,) said Pepita to me.—"Within the palace?" I inquired.—"Within the palace, O child of my garlochín," answered the sibyl: "Christina at last saw and sent for us, as I knew she would; I told her 'Bahí,' and Chicharona danced the Romalis (gipsy dance) before her." "What did you tell her?" "I told her many things," said the hag, "many things which I need not tell you: know, however, that among other things, I told her that the chabori (little queen) would die, and then she would be Queen of Spain. I told her, moreover, that within three years she would marry the son of the King of France, and it was her bahí to die Queen of France and Spain, and to be loved much and hated much." "And did you not dread her anger when you told her these things?" "Dread her, the Busnee!" screamed Pepita: "No, my child, she dreaded me far more; I looked at her so—and raised my finger so—and Chicharona clapped her hands, and the Busnee believed all I said, and was afraid of me: and then I asked for the pardon of my son, and she pledged her word to see into the matter, and when we came away, she gave me this baria of gold, and to Chicharona this other, so at all events we have hokkanoed the queen. May an evil end overtake her body, the Busnee!"

## THE ESSAYIST'S REVERIE.

BY A. J. JOYCE.

DR. JOHNSON commences his "Rambler" with an essay upon the difficulties of a commencement; first addressing his readers upon the subject of a first address: like the unpractised speaker who overcomes the embarrassment of an opening oration by making the apologetical preface—"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking."

"Ursa Major" (as he was afterwards dubbed,) showed some cleverness in thus making a difficulty conquer itself, and escaping from an embarrassment by talking about it; and no doubt he thought so himself; chuckling not a little when he came to the end of his paper, and found himself so well over it. But had the doctor lived in these days, he

would have discovered that his task was not so easy, and that an essayist's difficulties do not now exist only in the *first*, but in *every* address—difficulties, too, that are daily becoming more arduous, as subjects grow hackneyed; as readers get more fastidious, and their tastes more critical. How often is the unfortunate essayist reduced almost to despair as he draws before him the blank sheets of paper that must be filled—filled by a certain hour, and filled with the sparkling outpouring of brilliant ideas; while the only idea at present in his head is, that it aches consumedly!

In a subsequent paper of the same Rambler, there is given the letter of a wit who complains that while every other task has a completion—while the rower at last reaches his port—the lexicographer at length arrives at the termination of his alphabet, the luckless wit alone can never hope for rest, or congratulate himself that his work is done. This complaint may well be echoed, and in yet stronger terms, by the essayist. The dramatist can arrive at the close of his fifth act—the historian conclude his sixth volume—the novelist at last find means to hang his villain and marry his heroine after they have sinned and suffered through nine hundred pages, but the hapless essayist can never take repose—he can never wipe his pen—never write the delightful word “*finis*” at the foot of his page, and then shut his desk with the cheering thought that he need not open it again for at least some months, but live on, enjoying the progress made by the book he has just “cast upon the waters;” his work is like those interminable narratives which fill our magazines, always “to be continued in our next.” Let him complete his article as excellently as he may—let it be the best and sparklish-est that ever dropped from mortal pen,—in a few hours his work begins afresh; another, and another yet have to be written—at latest, by Wednesday; he knows that the devil (of the printing-office) will come to torment him with that eternal cry of “more copy;”—the press waits; the public, like Prometheus’ vulture, requires its perpetual feast, and the unhappy man must continue to wear his heart out in a task compared with which that whereon Michael Scott employed his persecuting imps, viz. making ropes out of sea-sand, becomes mere child’s play.

Compare, also, the stimulus to his labours, the reward of his exertions, with that afforded to all other of his fellow-scribes. Look at the poet, the historian, or the novelist,—they bring out their hot-pressed quartos, their half-bound octavos, written at leisure during the favoured moments of their inspiration; and the book is a complete work, which may make a noise in the world. The writer’s name is on the title-page; or if modesty keeps it thence, he is at least known to a chosen few who congratulate and admire. Newspapers quote him, periodicals review him, critics of all sorts and sizes praise, or what is the next best thing, abuse him. If his book “takes,” he may become a celebrity—a second Shakspeare, or Byron junior,—shining as a star of fashion so long as he can keep his light burning, having all honour of his publisher and all admiration of the public.

But what of all these can the essayist expect? He is nothing—not even a name. In his writings he assumes that imperial “*We*” whose edicts are doubtless of vast authority, but whose designation is most undescriptive. Through the columns of his journal Mr. “*We*” may exercise some power; but elsewhere he is a nonentity, his personality vanishes, his very existence becomes uncertain; he stands a mere “*nomini umbra*,” like a winding-sheet without the ghost.

The utmost glory to which he can aspire, (and few, indeed, attain even this,) is to have some kind executor or enterprising publisher collect his fragments after his decease, and work them up into a volume of Remains,

which give some antiquated reader, whose memory is as good as old Parr’s, the pleasure of discovering that those essays upon “Apple Fritters” and the “Manufactory” which he recollects reading, and rather liking, in the pages of his “Saturday Journal,” thirteen years ago, were really written by the late Solomon Grundy, Esq. and *not* by Nobody. The volume itself appears as a bookseller’s speculation: for one season it is “to be had at all the libraries;” the next, it travels on every highway in Europe in the degraded state of trunk-lining, and thus ends his immortality!

A predecessor of our before-mentioned Rambler has declared

“This proverb still sticks closely by us,  
‘Nil dictum quod non dictum prius.’”

If this was true for the little queen Anne’s man, how much more incontrovertible is its truth for us poor little queen Victoria’s men? Consider the thousands of myriads of volumes that have been written since, and then judge how small is the probability of a writer, in the nineteenth century, starting a novelty! Why it is since the day when the above couplet was written, that the event occurred which is now the very proverb for all that is trite and stale. On a certain day between this time and then, he who told his neighbour “Queen Anne is dead,” was really the communicator of startling news, but who would now be astonished at such an announcement? By the way, though, we find that the *phrase*, with a difference, existed before, running thus, “Queen Elizabeth’s dead;” and very possibly had yet another form previous to the decease of the virgin monarch, announcing the “*obit*” of some queen Matilda or Eleanor.

Some excellent calculator or another has taken the trouble to compute the aggregate mass of the silver extracted from the Peruvian mines ever since their first discovery. He asserts, as the result, that the quantity would compose a ball of solid metal ninety feet in diameter, which is rather a good-sized bullet. For our own parts, we should like to have a calculation of how often the pyramid of Cheops could be built and rebuilt by the printed tomes that have appeared since the days of Johannes Faustus. Among this mass, these lines of print that would reach to Sirius, and these cubical miles of inked paper which could out-mountain Chimborazo, there is every probability that all possible configurations of words are already to be found: that every thing has been said, upon every subject; and that even this present article—the sentence we have just written, the page we have just filled, may find *there* a pre-existing counterpart! But what matter? As there is nothing new but that which has been forgotten, so if this has been unremembered,—if we, the writer, and you, the readers, have never seen it—as we hope you have not, it will be all the same in the end.

While we are on the subject of “Subjects,” we may notice the causes which have occasioned so great a dearth of these articles, that it has become quite difficult to discover a good one; and the choice of a subject is now a matter of as much perplexity as the choice of a wife, or of a cab horse. These causes are various; some subjects, and these many of them the best, have grown hackneyed by much use; others are become unsuitable to the tastes of the present day; many must be avoided as dull, and many more eschewed as political; in fact we find ourselves barred out from so many fields which used to be public property, that our area is becoming comparatively circumscribed. Look, for instance, at the terrible destruction of subjects effected by the politicians! Subjects of education, of economy, of statistics, of production, nay, even of science, have become *tabooed* for the literary



essayist. They have at one time or other formed topics for some parliamentary debate, some party discussion, and thenceforth they are stamped with the political cipher, and whoever dares to touch on them will have "whig" or "tory" thrown in his teeth; or indeed would be in danger of a prosecution for smuggling under false colours, if his article were found upon the neutral territory of the "Saturday Journal."

Things were far better in the good old days of the Spectators and Guardians. Readers then, who drank not French wines, could enjoy good sense with little ornament; and the writers were let off on much easier terms than now. A bit of criticism, a quaint dissertation on a new sword knot, or a lady's fan, or a simple tale, were subjects sufficient for their papers. Or at worst, the essayist had but to go to sleep with his desk before him, and when he woke up tell his readers his dream,—wherein some eastern sage, with countenance of miraculous gravity, and most reverend beard, had taken him to a lofty verge, whence he saw the river of time and the bridge of life, whose innumerable passengers were continually dropping through into the dark waters below; or exhibited to his dreaming gaze the mountain of ambition, with the many wearied climbers towards the temple of Fame on the summit; or some such allegorical vision. But now the gentle public of readers have grown fastidious; they despise plain fare, requiring highly spiced ragouts and sauce piquante; and as for editors, there is no pleasing them! sometimes they have actually dared to hint that we are growing prosy, or worse still, are inhuman enough to return our MSS. with the observation that they "want point," as if it were possible for mortal man to be "ever-pointed," like one of Mordan's pencils!

Don't misunderstand us, reader; though we have written this in a somewhat complaining tone, do not think that we mean to come before you with a sort of beggar's petition, supplicating you to

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

No truly; we have indeed felt some pride while thus recapitulating our grievances; we even take pleasure in the enumeration of our wrongs; having done so not so much to excite your compassion as your respect. We magnify our office; deducing from this preamble of difficulties and labours the proof, that even these articles which the reader glances over, and then throws aside forgotten, are not produced without much exertion of talent and intelligence; and that we, ourselves, mere anonymities as we are, are deserving of some consideration as possessing powers which, under happier auspices, might have produced even those "Standard Works," which are destined to become permanent inhabitants of your libraries.

Respect us then, O reader; and if ever you think our articles prosy, or feel inclined to laugh at the assumed dignity with which our singular "We" fulminates its edicts, just take your pen and try yourself to write something better, if you can!

But we are losing time; we are wandering from the question which we proposed at the beginning. What shall we write about? Let us think.

*Eureka*men, we have found it out. Excellent, the very thing! We'll write an essay on essays! A capital subject! just fitted to insure a superfine article, with plenty of room to show our learning in historical disquisition; our wit in racy anecdotes, and our eloquence in sentimental declamation.

A capital article it shall be—so now to begin.

But stop—how is this? Our paper is full—our space exhausted—our task done! Positively, we have talked so

long about finding a subject, that we find we have now no room for it. Yet never mind. It will keep very well, and will do for another time.

So, reader, you may expect it—"in our next."

## AN IRISHMAN'S WIT—THE STORY OF MORGAN PRUSSIA.

THE Prince Regent, himself remarkable for his dexterity in telling a story, was fond of collecting instances of the whim and humour of the Irish peasantry. One of these was the history of Morgan Prussia.

Morgan, the gay and handsome son of a low Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world, and seek his fortune. By what means he traversed England, or made his way to France, is not told. But at length he crossed France also; and, probably without much knowledge or much care whether he were moving to the north or the south pole, found himself in the Prussian territory. This was the day of the first Frederic, famous for his tall regiment of guards, and for nothing else: except his being the most dangerous compound of fool and madman among the crowned heads of the continent. He had but one ambition, that of inspecting twice a day his regiment of a thousand grenadiers, not one of whom was less than six feet and a half high. Morgan was an Irish giant, and was instantly seized on by the Prussian recruiting sergeants, who forced him to *volunteer* into the tall battalion. This turn of fate was totally out of the Irishman's calculation; and the prospect of carrying a musket till his dying day on the Potsdam parade, after having made up his mind to live by his wits and rove the world, more than once tempted him to think of leaving his musket and his honour behind him, and fairly trying his chance for escape. But the attempt was always found impracticable; the frontier was too closely watched; and Morgan still marched up and down the Potsdam parade with a disconsolate heart; when one evening a Turkish recruit was brought in; for Frederic looked to nothing but the thews and sinews of a man, and the Turk was full seven feet high.

"How much did his Majesty give for catching that heathen?" said Morgan to his corporal. "Four hundred dollars," was the answer. He burst into an exclamation of astonishment at this waste of royal treasure upon a Turk. "They cannot be got for less," replied the corporal. "What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!" said Morgan; "I am a dwarf to any one of them, and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately." As the discovery of a tall recruit was the well-known road to favouritism, five were worth at least a pair of colours to the corporal; the conversation was immediately carried to the sergeant, and from him through the gradation of officers to the colonel, who took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan. But he had instantly lost all memory on the subject. "He had no brothers; he had made the regiment his father and mother and relations, and there he hoped to live and die." But he was urged still more strongly, and at length confessed, that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that "nothing on earth could stir them from their spades."

After some time, the king inquired for the five recruits, and was indignant when he was told of the impossibility of enlisting them. "Send the fellow himself for them," he exclaimed, "and let him bring them back." The order was given, but Morgan was suddenly "broken-hearted at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment." He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked, or at least, given to some one else. But this was out of the

question, for Frederic's word was always irrevocable; and Morgan, with a disconsolate face, at length prepared to set out upon his mission. But a new difficulty now struck him. "How was he to make his brothers come, unless he showed them something in the shape of the recruiting money?" This objection was at last obviated by the advance of a sum equal to about three hundred pounds sterling, as a first instalment for the purchase of his family. Like a loyal grenadier, the Irishman was now ready to attempt anything for his colonel or his king, and Morgan began his journey. But, as he was stepping beyond the gates of Potsdam, another difficulty occurred; and he returned to tell the colonel, that of all people existing, the Irish were the most apt to doubt a traveller's story, they being a good deal in the exercise of that style themselves; and that when he should go back to his own country, and tell them of the capital treatment and sure promotion that a soldier met with in the guards, the probability was "that they would laugh in his face;" as to the money, "there were some who would not scruple to say that he stole it, or tricked some one out of it. But, undoubtedly, when they saw him walking back only as a common soldier, he

was sure that they would not believe a syllable, let him say what he would, about rising in the service."

The objection was intelligible enough, and the colonel represented it to Frederic, who doubly outrageous at the delay, swore a grenadier oath, ordered Morgan to be made a *sous officier*, and, with a sword and epaulette, sent him instantly across the Rhine, to convince his five brothers of the rapidity of Prussian promotion. Morgan flew to his home in the county of Carlow, delighted the firesides for many a mile around with his having outwitted the king and a whole battalion of grenadiers, laid out his recruiting money on land, and became a man of estate at the expense of the Prussian treasury.

One ceremony remains to be recorded. Once a year, on the anniversary of the day in which he left Potsdam and its giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his farm, turned himself in the direction of Prussia, and, with the most contemptuous gesture which he could possibly contrive, bade good-bye to his Majesty! The *ruse* was long a great source of amusement, and its hero, like other heroes, bore through life the name earned by his exploit, *Morgan Prussia*.—Rev. Dr. Croly.

#### PRIOR'S DRAWING BOOK.

In concluding the brief notice of this publication which we commenced in our last, we promised to give two or

three specimens of the larger engravings. The following is a representation of

A MILKMAID.



Our second specimen is also of a rural character. It is that of a girl feeding the fowls, while a boy, most probably the girl's brother, is looking on with the greatest eagerness.



We give one specimen more. It is a drawing of a cottage with its gable ends towards the spectator, and a low ruined building in front. It will be a fine study for our youthful artistical readers.



Mr. Prior, we believe, is the first who has introduced wood-cuts into a work having for its object to communicate instruction in drawing.

### A PIC-NIC PARTY.

#### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

SHALL I own it at once, and at starting? Yes, I will; for it would be a shame to deceive people into supposing me better than I am, particularly those who are kindly disposed to read my story, and thus make acquaintance with me on my own terms.—I certainly did deliberately set to work to listen to a conversation which was never intended for my ear, nay, worse, which was never intended for any ear except the conjugal, and rather reluctant, ear to which, in all the confidence of supposed privacy, it was addressed. I anticipate the animadversion. It was a

rascally, manifestly rascally, thing of me. But the temptation was strong; and I need not tell you, ladies and gentlemen, flesh is frail.

The day was sultry: the sun was still high. I had just assisted my hospitable friend and his lady and blooming progeny, below stairs, to despatch a substantial luncheon, and we were not to dine till six. I had retired to my own apartment, "as is my custom of an afternoon," for the declared purpose of severe study, but the real one of undisturbed idleness. My long chair (I hate French names for English furniture, and never use them) was at the open window which commanded a fine view of a country that smiled in its noontide slumber. The cattle slumbered too. An article on political economy lay open on my knee: it had already disproved its own theory; for the demand, I felt, in no degree kept pace with the supply. The ivory knife had fallen from my hand, and the contagious repose was stealing fast over me, when the spirit-stirring voice of Mrs. Allington issued through the opened glass doors of the room beneath. The woman tempted me, and I listened. She was the wife of my host, honest John Allington; so he was called by all that knew him. Every body loved him for a plain, good, honourable man; and his house was popular with all persons of all ages, not less for the frankness of his character and of his welcome than for the sake of the never-failing amusements, and ever-thronging society, purveyed by the care of his adroit and busy lady. I will not say that to love her was an universal passion; yet all were attentive to her, and all liked her dinners, and her suppers, and her dances, and her "little music parties," as ladies are wont very properly to denominate those occasions on which they open their houses for company, their windows for air, and their grand piano-fortes for "little music." And she had three pretty grown-up daughters, who—. But let the lady tell her own secrets in the following conversation, which I have already owned I overheard, and which, in strict confidence, ladies and gentlemen, I will repeat to you.

"Adey was twenty-two last March, though I call her two years younger; Maria will never see twenty again;

and Julia will be nineteen to-morrow.—Something must be done," continued she, after a long pause, during which it appeared she had failed of the answer to which she considered herself entitled. "Something must be done, Mr. A."

"And why?" answered the quiet man.

"Why?—Why because the little ones will be big ones soon; they are treading fast on their sisters' heels; and because my constitution is too weak to answer the claims of more than three daughters out at the same time. You never help me. Do, dear Mr. A.; think of something that may get the girls off."

"Let them alone, my love," replied Mr. Allington, "let them alone, and you'll see they'll go off of themselves."

"Yes," rejoined the lady somewhat pettishly, "I suppose they will, but not by themselves. You'll have them go off with the tutor, Mr. Docet; or the curate, Mr. Proseit; or the bailiff's son young Whistler; or—"

"I don't know a better man any where than our curate," said the unrelenting husband; "and as for the—"

"Pray, hold your tongue, Mr. A., unless you wish me to go into a fit."

There was a pause on both sides, and no fit was gone into. And then the pause was broken (as is so seldom the case) by the lady. But her voice had a coaxing tone, as she resumed the subject.

"My dear, dear John, they are your own children—think of that. Surely you must feel a little anxiety to see them happy?"

"I do see them happy!" replied the contented gentleman, and drew the window-blind quite up.—"And you shall see them happy too. Look at them, my dear: three, four, five, six, well-grown, healthy girls, romping in the field there with their three little brothers. It's a fine sight, and I can't say I'm in a hurry to lose it. If they were not happy they would not laugh so heartily, and run and jump so."

"Just like the rest of your obsolete notions," answered the prolific and provident mother. "Happy, indeed!—Get them rich husbands, Mr. A., and then you *might* see them happy, and have something to be proud of.—Ade-laide! Maria! Julia!" she screamed, putting her head so far out of the lower window that I thought it prudent to make a corresponding movement of mine, in the inverse ratio of the upper; "come in directly!—You'll be ruined in the sun there without your bonnets!—My dear Mr. A." lowering her voice, and resuming the dialogue, "we must think of something for them: we must get some of them married."

"Nothing is easier," replied the husband in a dry, business-like tone, lowered, whether by design or not, to a whimsical unison with that in which her last words were spoken; "nothing is easier, my dear Mrs. A. Surely, surely you were not asleep last night—no, I am sure you were not—when I told you that I had had a good offer for Adey. Our neighbour, Tom Burton, proposed to me for her yesterday. If she were to marry him, she would only go a couple of miles from us. We might see her every day—lovely, and happy, and dear to us, even as in this happy hour, with sunshine and home all around her, only with one more affection to sweeten the long life which, please God, is before her; and that need not make us jealous, my dear Mrs. A. She has known him from infancy, and I am sure she likes him."

"I flatter myself a daughter of mine can like any man when I tell her he is a proper match for her," said the justly proud mother. "But Mr. Burton won't do, Mr. A. and you know it, and it is provoking of you. He is too poor: his rich cousin is the *partie*; it is he that swallows up the wealth and real respectability of the family. If we could manage Sir James Burton now!"

"The Fates forbid!" said Mr. Allington. "Swallows them up, indeed!—Why, he drinks and he plays;—a drunkard and a sharper—"

"Some ill-natured people do hint that he *does* sometimes drink a little more than is good for his health, and *does* play a *lectle* bit more than necessary, but I don't believe a word of it:—I won't believe—"

"And a glutton," continued Mr. A., as if in a humour to proceed in the statement of a sum in which the unit's place was still far distant, "and a—"

"A glutton, Mr. A.!—What can you possibly mean? Don't you know that there never was a time when it was so absolutely essential a quality of a gentleman to understand cookery thoroughly?—But now, dear Mr. A., I wish you would be serious. If we could get *him*, indeed it would be something like a match. But the world has given him away already, and I fear there is nothing very likely to break it off. Well, what a lucky woman Mrs. Carleton is, to get such a marriage for her ugly daughter!"

"Ugly daughter!" said Mr. Allington.

"Decidedly ugly," replied his wife: "as long and as pale as—"

"Pale!" said Mr. Allington.

"Pray don't repeat my words, sir—it is not well-bred. I said pale, and I say so again. She is as pale as a sheet, except when she speaks or sings, and then she is altogether as much too red. I hate your changeable complexions and your bashful girls: just as if they had never been any where, and knew nobody but their own papas; I can't abide it. We were speaking of Mr. Burton: he's too poor. But we mustn't offend him neither; for you know the title and property are on the cards still, Mr. A. Tell him Adey is much too young. Say it would be the death of me to part with her, and that you must have time to break the offer to me. Leave it so; and then, in a year, suppose, if nothing better should turn up—"

"No, Mrs. Allington!" said honest John, rising: "no—I will refuse him, if you really desire it. If, indeed, I were allowed to please myself, and, as I verily believe, Adey too, I should accept his offer directly. But, as for playing with the feelings of an honourable and frank-hearted young man, and gambling with his happiness as well as with our daughter's, it is what I will not do; so I will go and tell him the truth, and—"

"Tell him what?" shrieked Mrs. Allington, in a voice of the utmost consternation, and then, bringing her husband back to within confidential distance of my ear—"Tell him nothing, Mr. A.—dear Mr. A., if you love me, tell him nothing! Since you are not to be guided by my prudent tenderness for our child's best interests, do at least only refuse him; but tell him nothing. Oh, my dear Mr. A., how your indiscretion alarms me! But now that I have got your attention for a moment, do just sit down again, and let us consult a little farther as to what's to be done for our other poor dear girls. There's Maria and Julia, as well as Adey, plenty old enough and to spare. We must look about us."

Here there was so large a blank in the dialogue, that I began to fear I should learn no more of the secrets of the family. At length Mr. Allington for once broke silence, and in a more animated key than was usual with him.

"My dear," said he, "I have been thinking over all the young men who visit here, and I do believe I have my eye on one who would be a good husband for Maria.—Guess!—He's not far off. Of all the birds in the air, what do you say of young H——?"

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have a particular reason, which I may explain hereafter, for not mentioning more than the initial of this very respectable name.

"I say he is a poor, pitiful fool," sharply replied the



odious matron, "and that he shall have no daughter of mine. He spends on himself all he has, and only thinks how to maintain his idle profusion, instead of how to get on in the world by means of his excellent connexions. He is over head in debt already, and his income is not so good by one-half as he is unprincipled enough to represent it to those who, like us, Mr. A., have an interest in knowing. But still the creature has his use. He brings others, and will do no harm to the girls, for he philanders only with married women. He does not want a wife—that is to say, not a wife of his own; and, moreover, I know it, Mr. A., if he does like one of our girls better than another, it is Adey, and not Maria. Take my word for that."

I said I had a particular reason for not mentioning more than the initial of this last described gentleman's name. Out upon the malicious old witch!—I, ladies and gentlemen, I—the blushing author—am young H——. There is an English proverb touching the nature of the personal topics which listeners are oftenest fated to hear. There is also a French one which says, that "only truth can wound." Every word this detestable woman said is true. I do spend more than I shall ever be able to pay. I am given to talk mysterious nonsense to married persons of the other sex. For I find I cannot hold my tongue; and I have in my time discovered that, if one talks much to a young unmarried lady (and I have not much fancy for talking to old ones), one's discourse is apt to be noted down with a degree of precision quite disagreeable by a certain married lady of great authority in these matters—her mother. But if ever I could think of sacrificing myself to matrimony—if ever I could think of "altars and homes," in any but the widely patriotic sense—if I could reconcile myself to give up all the thousand indulgences of celibacy—if, as Alcides did when he married, I could surrender my club—if I could compromise my love of Ascension turtle, and mock turtle, and of every other turtle for that of one faithful turtle, of one little happy nest—oh! how I should jump at that respectable way of life, shared with the pretty, and amiable, and good, and dear Adelaide Allington.

But, albeit this is true, too true, how could that plaguy woman, her mother, have known it? For I have never breathed it to mortal. I do not talk, that I know of, in my sleep. And if I did, how should that have enlightened Mrs. Allington? Adelaide herself never, but once, caught me off my guard; and I have no knowledge of Adelaide's character, if her mother could have obtained from her any sanction to her surmises.

Ladies and gentlemen, I must digress. Digress, if you please, with me. If you don't like my goings on, shut me, leave me, and there's no harm done.

In honest John's own den in Allington House there is a picture of his dear—my dear, dear Adelaide, when she was but a child. "How I do love," says the Ettrick Shepherd (and how I do agree with him), "how I do love a well-educated little girl of twelve!" It is an age worth so much more than all other ages;—when the young heart is so entirely occupied with the warm visitings of its own innocent gladness, (and at that age the tenderest heart is always the most joyous, for it has never known a stain or a sorrow). It is a merry, because a pure and honest age, and because its affections seem to it to be immortal;—death has never severed, nor unkindness blighted, one bud of their sweet stock. Alas! that such an age should ever lose its charm,—for lose that charm it will and must. There is the presence, and the consciousness, and the love, of all good—and the absence and the ignorance of all ill. There is the fair and full promise of all that hope can paint (and hope paints well); there is

the fair and full apology (and how seldom is the apology required!) for that mystic, undisputed power, which, never claimed by the feebler sex as a right, is sure to be yielded by the other, as much from impulse as from courtesy. At that age the features repeat, with ready truth, the blameless story of the eager mind. How modestly are the outpourings of a buoyant spirit tempered by the deepening tinge of that bashful yet dimpled cheek, and how eloquently are they pleaded for in the stealthy glance of that half-penitent, half-laughing eye! There is nothing under the sky like the clear deep beauty of the eye which I am thinking of, unless it be the ocean when it lies calm and open to the sunshine, and reflects only the brightness and the colours of heaven, on which it looks.

Do you understand me, ladies and gentlemen? If you do not, I pity you, all and equally.

It was from a long, steadfast gaze upon this picture that I was one day roused by the gentle voice of the original herself, then but a few years older, who had been sent by her father to desire my company during his ride. She had approached quite close to me before I perceived her; and probably she had already spoken unheeded. A playful but diffident look claimed identity with that recorded on the canvass, and as her eye followed mine to what had been the cause of my abstraction, the glow on her cheek became as deep as in childhood. We were silent. I felt like a detected thief—yet why? It was no offence; and if it were, surely I was before a judge who had no great reason to be severe. At length, with a sigh, she said, "Do you know I was very happy when that was painted? A dear friend, a very dear friend, the companion of my infancy, was drawn at the same time. They were romps, I believe, rather than sittings, and we were sorry when they ended."

"And who was your very dear friend, Adelaide?" quoth I, with an awkward prophetic anxiety.

"Our neighbour, Mr. Burton," she half whispered. It was enough. The tone and look told me the secret of her ingenuous heart, and the hopelessness of what mine had begun to cherish; and fie on the heart which from that hour could beat for her with any but a brother's love.

She put her arm within mine, and led me to her father.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, suffer me to lead you back to Mrs. Allington and the window. I was in the act of leaving my ambuscade, from very anger at the discovery which that perspicacious lady had thus made of my best secret, and her pitiless disclosure of it to her husband, when honest John again riveted me to my chair by asking, with his wonted simplicity, the very question I longed to put.

"And how do you know all this?" said he.

"I know it," replied his obliging partner, "I know it all beyond a doubt. For Mademoiselle questioned Mr. H.'s confidential Swiss, by my direction, about his master's habits and fortune. Broullion affected to be diplomatic with her, but La Crepe was too much for him, and out it all came. Every one with eyes can see how it is, and I myself spent half a morning joining together some torn bits of paper which I watched him throw under the great library table, and they turned out to be some very bad verses, entitled 'The Irresolute, addressed to A. A.' Now don't fly off, Mr. A.," continued she, in a tone of soothing remonstrance, "for now I think of it, I must have a little quarrel with you. When we were discussing my projected little pic-nic last night, I fancied you inclined to throw a little cold water upon my little scheme. Now wasn't that a little unkind?"

## INSANITY CURABLE IN ITS EARLIER STAGES.

BY MR. FORBES WINSLOW.

INSANITY may be cured, as the cholera was, most easily and most surely, in its precursory stage, when its existence is not suspected by the most watchful friend, but is to be perceived at a glance by the intelligent physician. We have no doubt that most diseases are thus preceded by certain precursory signs, which, like the first droppings from a cloud, give indications of a coming tempest. We remember how gentle, how insidious, were the approaches of the cholera; a slight disorder of the alimentary canal, hardly worth attention, was, however, the sure forerunner of the dreadful collapse. And so we believe that most diseases have their warning voices; and if we would hearken to them in time, much evil would be prevented. It is curious that this important branch of medical inquiry has not yet been attended to: but though doctors may not like the old saying, let every one bear in mind that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." *Obsta principis*: let him try to avoid a calamity, rather than have to extricate himself; and he will have, as far as human foresight warrants us in saying, a long and happy existence. Mr. Winslow's remarks upon this point are worthy of attention. "In a great majority of cases," he observes, "the premonitory indications are well marked and unequivocal. The experienced physician and accurate observer will be able to detect, before the mental alienation becomes apparent to others, the early dawns of derangement. He knows that it is frequently manifested by some change in the person's usual healthy habits of thinking and acting; by the exhibition of odd fancies and whims. Although surrounded by every thing calculated to contribute to his happiness, he is the most miserable of human beings; trifles annoy and irritate him; he sees in his dearest friends his deadliest enemies; talks of conspiracies, of plots, and stratagems; becomes suspicious of every thing and every body; his former objects of pleasure afford him no delight; he avoids society, and is occasionally heard muttering strange things to himself. In the majority of cases these are the early dawns of cerebral disease leading to unequivocal insanity, and yet we are so tied down to definitions, arbitrary standards, and poetical tests, that we will not admit derangement of mind to be present until the symptoms are so self-evident and glaring, that the condition of the mind becomes apparent to the most superficial observer. When this view of insanity is recognised as orthodox, and moral treatment is adopted at the early stages of the disease, much good may be expected to result." The success attending the treatment of insanity mainly depends upon an early recourse to such means as will divert the mind from its one absorbing thought; hence, observes our author, "occupation is an infallible specific for many of the imaginary ills of life." In cases where the mind is sinking under the influence of its own weight, and the fancy is allowed to dwell uninterruptedly upon the ideas of its own creation, until the individual believes himself to stand apart from all the world, the very personification of human misery and wretchedness, the physician can recommend no better remedy than constant and steady occupation for the mind and body. Burton concludes his able work on "melancholy," with this valuable advice, "Be not solitary—be not idle." Dr. Reid recommended a patient, labouring under great mental depression, to engage in the composition of a novel, which, during the time he was occupied with the task, effected much good. The mind is an active, restless thing within, and must have food from without, or it will feed upon itself; hence, men of leisure, as they are called,

are so often found running into excesses of folly, that people well employed scarce dream of. Listlessness and idleness must be eschewed by the person predisposed to insanity, in like manner as the wine-cup must be shunned by the man who is threatened with fever. Any employment is better than the doing nothing; but if the circumstances of the patient will admit of the expense, travelling is among the most agreeable and rational sources of amusement and occupation he can have; but if this remedy is impracticable, let him enter into society, and cultivate a taste for social pleasures. Then, though like the astronomer in Rasselas, when alone he finds his mind chained down by an uncontrollable violence to one or two absorbing thoughts, by mingling with other men, and taking a part in the duty of pleasing, these thoughts will be dissipated, and the fell spirit exorcised. "I cannot conceive," observes Dr. Uwins, "a more delightful spectacle than that of an individual whose constitutional cast is melancholy, warring against his temperament, and determining to enter with hilarity into the scenes and circumstances of social life."

## AMERICAN VARIETIES.—No. III.

**A WATCHMAKER'S RUSE.**—A poor watchmaker came down to settle at —. The village was populous. This person was utterly unknown; but he had ingeniously hit on a project to procure employ. He contrived, when the church-door was opened daily, to send up his son, a lad of address, to the church-tower unseen, and to alter the clock. —This the boy was enabled to do by a slight knowledge of his father's business. This measure, of course, made all the watches in the neighbourhood wrong so repeatedly (and every one swears by his church-clock) that the owners sent them to the new comer to be cleaned and repaired. This ruse established the artisan.

**APPROBATIVENESS.**— "We've come off with flying colours," as the ensign said when he ran away from the enemy.

**INQUISITIVENESS.**—Looking over an editor's shoulder while he is writing.

"I go the whole hog for internal improvements," said the bear as he devoured the bear-pig.

**FORTITUDE.**—A hungry man standing unmoved amidst the ringing of dinner bells, the clashing of dishes, and the smell of roast turkey.

There is an old maid up in Sullivan street, who can look so all-fired sour, that she goes out by the day to make pickles. It saves a heap of vinegar.

"Less of your jaw and more of your legs," as the negro said when the alligator seized him.

## MY FELLOW-CLERK.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE chief clerk of Messrs. Cash and Squeezum's establishment was a little, stout, square-built German, the happy possessor of an annual income of £40 sterling, a pair of bright, piercing, mouse-like eyes, and the euphonious appellation of Peter Smug.

The celebrated commercial firm of Cash and Squeezum was engaged during the French war in the Riga bristle trade, "and a roaring business," said the mercantile world, impressed by the dignified state in which Mr. Cash, senior, and Mr. Cash, junior, rolled daily into the city, screened from the vulgar gaze by the pink blinds of their carriage-and-four, "a roaring business are they doing." For once the mercantile world was mistaken, as the London Gazette soon testified,—but this is no business of mine.

Seated by the side of a window whose glass had evidently not come in contact with whitening and water for years (an infallible indication of an extensive connexion), with his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, his pen placed after the most approved fashion behind his ear, and his feet dangling six-and-thirty inches from the ground, little Peter Smug sat in a brown study brooding over the "profit or loss" likely to attend his own private speculations,—for Peter, humble though he was, had launched his little capital, some hundred and twenty pounds, into the famous bristle trade.

"Ah," cried he, spinning himself round on his high stool with the greatest glee, "only think!—One hundred and twenty pounds, and a hundred profit is two hundred and twenty;—oh, I shall get on: and, who knows?—strange things do come to pass,—perhaps I may be admitted partner in the house of Cash and Squeezum!" But gloomy forebodings and dismal pictures of shipwrecks, and high winds, and "crew saved, cargo lost," would obtrude themselves on his imagination; and to dispel all his hopes and fears he thought he could not do better than have a peep at Lloyd's books. He returned in still greater glee,—there had been no losses, and although his cargo of bristles was uninsured, he breathed more freely than he had done for several days.

"Well, Mr. Smug," I inquired as he closed the office door, "any thing at Lloyd's?"

"Nothing, sir," he replied, "not one loss on the books?"

"That's fortunate."

"It is, sir, indeed; very fortunate, especially for me," he rejoined.

"For you, Mr. Smug?"

"For me, sir: the 'Mary and Ellen's' on her way now."

"And what's the 'Mary and Ellen'?"

"That, sir, is the vessel that my bristles are coming over in."

"Your bristles!"

"Yes, sir, a private spec of my own, only 'a few bristles,' and he clambered up his stool with the agility of a monkey.

"We'll have a lark with him," whispered Thompson, our shipping-clerk, who sat opposite me.

"How?"

"You shall see soon," was the reply.

As the genius of mischief would have it, that night the wind blew violently. Hats and chimney-pots were blowing about in all directions. Young ladies sat up all night, because they were afraid to go to bed; and old ladies sat up too, to keep their daughters and nieces company, and to assure them, that, "for their parts, when they were girls, they were not apt to take such ridiculous notions into their heads." The next morning the newspapers were crowded with accounts of "terrific accidents," "dreadful calamities," &c. Unmarried young ladies of sixty and upwards, on reading the aforesaid accounts, uttered the most heart-breaking cries and sentimental groans ever invented: and finally poor Peter Smug entered the office with a more rueful countenance than ever schoolboy assumed on the appearance of the pedagogue's cane, and heaving a deep sigh, exclaimed, "Good morning, gentlemen! oh, what a dreadful night we have had! I couldn't sleep one wink!"

"What, are you alarmed at the wind?" inquired Thompson, smiling maliciously.

"Alarmed, sir!" repeated Smug, "no, but the bristles, oh, the bristles!" and off he ran to Lloyd's; but the books were not posted, and he returned reduced to the very verge of madness, and the next minute paid another visit to the captains' room; still the books were not posted! "Mein Got!" exclaimed Peter, "if I only had the management

of Lloyd's, I'd see whether it shouldn't all be entered before ten o'clock."

"No, Mr. Smug, I must go this time," cried Thompson, laying his hand on the little man's arm as he once more opened the door.

"Make haste! be quick!" screamed Smug after the shipping-clerk.

But the poor fellow's injunctions were not attended to. A quarter of an hour had passed away, but Thompson had not returned.

"What a while Mr. Thompson is!" cried Peter, straining his eyes to the utmost to catch the first glimpse of the truant. "I've a good mind to go and see what has become of him."

"You can't, Mr. Smug," I replied, actuated by the same spirit of mischief as my fellow-clerk, "I want to go out."

At this moment Thompson returned, bearing in his hand a long strip of paper, and extending it towards Smug, he cried, "My stars! such a heavy book! nothing but losses and wrecks! Here Mr. Smug, here's a copy of the list of arrivals, perhaps you may find your ship among them."

"I hope so," replied Peter, pressing eagerly forward. He seized the paper, and hastily placing his spectacles—upside downwards in his hurry—on his nose, he devoured the contents.

"And didn't you copy the losses as well?" he inquired, when he found that the "Mary and Ellen" was not on the list of arrivals.

"I began to copy it," answered Thompson, "but it was so deuced long,—stay, though, there's the beginning of it."

"James,' from London to Batavia," muttered Smug, as he read over the list, "total wreck, a hundred lives lost,—poor devils—no matter. 'Mary and,—as I'm alive!—oh, no, thank God! no—it's the 'Mary and Jane,' run aground, must discharge cargo:—'True Briton,' put into Falmouth, leaky:—Mein Got! Mein Got! 'Mary and Ellen' run down at night, crew and cargo lost!—Mein Got!—oh, my bristles, my bristles!"

"What, Mr. Smug, is there any vessel of ours lost?" demanded Thompson; "never mind, they're all insured, you know."

"Are they insured though!—not one stieber!—oh, my bristles, my bristles!"

But, unfortunately for the success of our trick, the postman entered at that moment, and crying in an official tone, "Peter Smug, Esq." handed a letter to that worthy; and, half doubting whether he had delivered it to the right person, (for Peter had merely the appearance of a "Mr." at best,) slammed the door and retired.

The speculating little German broke the wax with a trembling hand, for it was such a square, melancholy looking letter, that he felt certain it contained the announcement of the loss of the "Mary and Ellen," and of his bristles; but his countenance suddenly assumed a joyful expression as he read the magic words "Enclosed I hand you bill of lading," &c. and turning the letter over, perceived in the left-hand corner, "per 'Mary and Ellen,' Captain Steady," and the postmark 'Deal.' This was quite enough to assure him that the bristles were now lying safely off the coast, and not at the bottom of the northern ocean, and his joy at making this discovery, entirely overcame all feelings of resentment at the ruse which had been practised upon him, and he could not refrain from publicly announcing the welcome intelligence. In justice to Thompson I must add, that he was the first to shake his little friend by the hand, and congratulate him on his good fortune.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE HOLY BOAT.—A LEGEND.

BY THE HON. D. G. OSBORNE.

"THE Jews, to punish Martha, Mary Magdalene, Lazarus, Maximian, and Marcellus, for their fidelity to Christ while he lived, and to his memory after his death, put them into a small boat without sails or oars, and launched it into the sea in the midst of a violent tempest. The martyrs began to sing a hymn to Christ, and immediately the wind dropped, the waves grew calm, and a ray of sun surrounded the boat like a glory. The little bark, propelled by an invisible hand, glided on and on till it arrived at Marseilles, where these followers of Christ landed, and scattered themselves through the province, preaching the gospel and converting many to the true faith."—From "*Impressions de Voyage par A. Dumas*," vol. ii. p. 44.

THEIR impious hands have launched the bark  
Upon the ocean's stormy wave;  
The thunders roll, the skies are dark,  
The wild winds roar, and who shall save?  
The same fierce unbelieving hate  
That dared the Saviour-God condemn,  
Sends forth his servants to their fate,  
To Him—the cross,—the waves to them.

But e'en amid the tempest's wrath,  
And with the dread commotion blending,  
A strain of melody rings forth,  
From that devoted bark ascending.—  
Sweet as a virgin's hymn of praise,  
Breathed ere she seeks her couch of rest,—  
Sweet as our childhood's guileless lays,  
When care is yet an unknown guest,—  
Sweet as a mother's prayer of love,  
When bending o'er her first-born boy,—  
Sweet as the angel songs above,  
Carolled in everlasting joy.

The storm may rear, the waves may beat,  
And hope itself wax faint and dim,  
But still that martyr crew repeat  
To Christ on high their praise-fraught hymn.  
No oar, no sail is in that boat,  
The seas rush round to overwhelm,  
And yet undaunted there they float,  
For Faith is with them at the helm!

And lo! a sunbeam bright and warm,  
Darts through the lowering mass of cloud,  
That at the bidding of the storm,  
Wrapped them as in a deathly shroud.  
The winds are lulled, the thunders cease,  
The fretted billows' ire is still,  
And all above, around, is peace  
And silence, save that hymn's sweet thrill.

By some unseen immortal hand,  
Impelled across the trackless waste,  
That bark hath reached a far, strange land,  
That christian foot had never traced.  
A sunny land, where nature flings  
Her choicest gifts most rare and bright,  
But unto which their presence brings,  
The greater gift of christian light!

And may we not a lesson win  
From this old legend of the past,  
That when the clouds of care and sin  
Our life's horizon overcast,—  
When the world's aspect looks most dark,  
And each wild billow rears its crest,  
Faith will preserve our humble bark,  
And guide it to a shore of rest.

## VARIETIES.

**DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PHYSICAL AND MENTAL LABOUR.**—Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the city, and from thence into the country, did, in some sort, envy the state of the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistled some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness while he is at his work.—*Sir Edward Coke*.

**FIRST LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.**—The annual choice of the chief magistrate was granted to the citizens of London by a charter from King John.

**BELLANI'S THEORY OF FALLING STARS.**—M. Bellani supports the theory that they are formed by the combustion of trains of inflammable gases or vapours in the atmosphere. He thinks that these trains may exist in the higher regions without being dissipated, in consequence of the general and perfect tranquillity which may be considered as existing there. He endeavours to combat the difficulty which is generally urged to such a theory, of the diminished inflammability of any gaseous or vaporous mixture by expansion, by referring to the vapour of phosphorus, stating, "that phosphorus becomes luminous, or suffers a slow combustion, at a temperature so much the lower as the quantity of oxygen gas in a determinate space is rendered smaller, either by mixture with other gases, or by rarefaction;" and then ventures the conjecture, that there may be other substances, capable, by natural operations, of being reduced into the state of vapour or gas; and which, though at common temperature and pressure they are not inflammable, may become so by being elevated in the atmosphere.—*Giornale di Fisica*.

**LONGEVITY OF TREES.**—At Elderslie, the birth-place of Wallace, near Paisley, there is an *oak tree* which is said to have concealed under its branches Wallace and three hundred of his followers. However doubtful this may be, it is certain that "the Wallace oak" cannot be much less than seven hundred years old. Eight *olive trees* still grow in the garden of Gethsemane, near Jerusalem, which can be proved to have been there more than eight hundred years ago, and which are alleged to have been witnesses of the Saviour's agony. Such great antiquity, however, is small when compared with the age of the *baobab*, some specimens of which, growing in Africa, Adanson found to be 5150 years old! Even this great age is surpassed by that assigned to the *taxodium* by Decandolle, who makes some specimens which he discovered in South America to be six thousand years old. Adanson ascertained some banian trees to be of equal antiquity.

**INEXPERIENCE AND EXCESSES OF YOUTH.**—The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our age, payable with interest some five-and-twenty years afterwards.—*Seneca*.

**GREGARIOUS SPIDERS.**—Upon the banks of the Amazon, spiders, which are solitary in Europe and Asia, live in congregated societies of several thousands. Taking possession of a tree, they unite in forming a net entirely over it. When this net is completed, they take their several stations; each secures its own prey without disturbance; each labours for itself; but in case of damage to their net, they labour to repair it for their general good.

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